

High School Chat.

VOL. 1.

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DELTA KAPPA RECEPTION.

The Delta Kappa society gave a reception to the other societies of the High School, the faculty, and a few invited guests, at the home of Miss Bessie Hall, 306 Washington St. Though the elements were not favorable each society was well represented, while Mr. Whitney, Miss Cherry, and Miss Parker of the faculty were present. It was such an affair as one likes to think of afterwards, bringing classes and teachers, and students in greater sympathy with each other, and the Delta Kappa and Miss Hall are to be thanked for establishing a precedent for future receptions at the homes of students.

A CHAT WITH THE BOYS.

I am glad that I have been engaged to contribute to your neat and refining paper, and hope that my long experience will give my ideas some force. Boys have styles as well as girls. These are constantly changing, and we are not too young to be able to notice these changes and be always up with the latest. Next week I will speak on the dress, but will confine this article only to the schools. We as boys are prone to forget that the school room demands the courtesies of the drawing room, yet if you neglect these little necessities, do not be surprised if an invitation to some affair, where these are required, is not forthcoming. I have noticed one or two fail to say, "Pardon me," in passing before others, even before teachers. I have noticed three or four hustle ahead of girl students in entering and going from a room. I have noticed five or six answer when a certain

one was addressed or whisper while the instructor was talking. I have noticed seven or eight interrupt another while reciting; you yourselves do not notice these but they are noticed. So pay attention to the few I have mentioned, I haven't space to particularize any farther, but by paying attention to a few, the others will present themselves of their own accord and you will have no difficulty in recognizing and overcoming them. In cases of doubt, I will answer any question, from boy or girl student to the best of my ability sent to me in care of CHAT.

CHAPPIE.

SNAPS.

Howard Pratt has ordered the CHAT for six months. Mr. Pratt will be remembered as an unselfish and diligent promoter of all student enterprises, and is now installed in an office in Barnhart Bros. & Spindler, manufacturers of superior copper mixed type, with a boy to do his bidding. Howard says he enjoys it. We will soon publish a letter from him, on life in Chicago.

The Juniors made their appearance, and captured the admiration of their audience Jan. 31. Their anxious days of preparation were amply rewarded, more so than they expected. We know not what we can do until we make an honest attempt. The stage had the appearance of a drawing room, the audience was large and appreciative, the participants acted as though they felt at home, but the Seniors, who have been there themselves, slyly give each other the wink, when they hear one say: "I wasn't frightened a bit."

HIGH SCHOOL CHAT.

Terms of Subscription, Five Cents per month.

JOHN ONLOOKER, Editor.

RAY ROWLEY, Business Manager.

ROY SPENCER, Asst. Business Manager.

The "CHAT" has heard many remarks in appreciation of the sentiments expressed on last Thursday morning in chapel by our Superintendent. We are glad of their expression and more glad of their salutary influence. May "student honor" be more strictly interpreted and more widely practiced

It is with great pleasure that we announce the fulfillment of our promise of a few weeks ago, that of lowering the price of "CHAT." We are now able, through special effort in the business management to offer this paper to you for 5c per month. At this price we hope to deliver the sheet to every student in the school, and should do so without much effort. We have done our best to accommodate you, and if you are in sympathy with us subscribe at once. Single copies are still 5c.

On all sides we hear expressions in appreciation of the last rhetorical program. Before this we had heard nothing but objections to the rhetorical exercise. How does this come about? Certainly it is the result of no change in the subjects or the quality of the productions, for they have always been of great interest. We take it, then, that the method of conducting them is what gives the satisfaction. The general opinion seems to be that a well conducted discussion of ten minutes has as much or more value than the regular program. Several have shown to us a desire for the return of the privilege of applause. Nothing need be said here as to this, but your opinions on this and kindred subjects are solicited. We will bring your ideas before the public.

It is human nature not to appreciate fully any privilege or relation until its genuineness is tested by a period of deprivation. We knew that our Principal was gaining a strong place in our affections and sympathy, but we certainly did not feel the force of this until Mr. Crittenden was by illness kept from us for a few days. We are sure we all feel now more in sympathy with Mr. Crittenden personally and in connection with the work which he is so ably doing for our good. We are glad to notice this attachment between teacher and taught and we feel that it is a very potent factor in the accomplishment of our purpose here. We all remember the time (in our younger years) when we considered it our duty and the greatest source of honor to annoy as much as possible him or her placed over us as an instructor. Added years and the spirit of the age are changing all this and we are most thankful for the revolution. May harmony be abundant among our numbers that we may all be benefited.

We publish the following, knowing that it must needs have a good influence in bringing to the notice of students an evil practice which is growing among us:

MR. JOHN ONLOOKER—Dear Sir—Believing that you are interested in the life of all students, and especially of those in our High School, I relate this experience to you that you may see one of the temptations of a student's life. I ask you in some way to express in your columns this which I shall relate, but be so kind as not to expose my name, as it will do no good to anyone else and will only injure my own reputation. A few evenings ago I was studying, or (more properly) learning my German lesson, and, as was my custom, had my "pony," or interlinear translation, at hand. I was "studying", as I thought, diligently, when the "pony" flew from my hand and, having acquired eyes, stared at me. Immediately the creature sprouted legs, tail, head, and now had the body of a horse complete—pawing and snorting. As he looked fiercely

at me, he exclaimed in peremptory tones; "Ride! Ride! you have ridden me often in class, now ride with me into darkness." I was almost paralyzed with fear, but, I know not how, I mounted. Out into the darkness we flew, leaving behind all familiar objects. Those few people whom we met gave me a scornful look and pointed their fingers disdainfully. On we passed and entered the cave of Ignorance, where lines of grinning faces mocked us. At the end of this cave I saw a pit with "Worthlessness" written over it in blazing letters. When we reached this my "pony" said, this is my home, and here you are to live, with me forever." In we plunged, and as I screamed in despair I awoke. It is needless to say that I threw my "pony" into the fire, and have not had another since. I at first experienced difficulty in reciting without this assistance, but I find myself much stronger and my rank even better since my dream. The fact is that "this is no dream" when it comes to the point of conscience, and "pony" and "lie" are inseparable. Falsehood, stealing, and murder are prohibited in the same law. You may determine their relative importance, and hence the force of a "pony" as a phrase of falsehood. By bringing this before our students you will oblige your humble servant,
ETC.

The editor of "CHAT" will add no ideas of his own to the above, but commends it as a type of what communications we are glad to recognize. Give us more of your experience and opinion. It will be a source of benefit to all.

SNAPS.

Stanley Matthews, '95, has been on the sick list for several days.

At Chapel Feb. 6, Karl H. Young gave another instance of his rare piano skill.

Dates are said to be cheap at present. Is leap year, or the ease with which they are made, the cause?

Now is the acceptable time to hear of spring poets, spring fever, spring medicine. We hope none of our readers will be overcome by any of them.

Several persons were enrolled for this term, and all have begun right by ordering the CHAT.

Fear of examinations may have been the cause for so many pale faces and sleepy eyes last week.

Miss Nettie Barnum entertained a few friends at her home on Chicago Avenue last Friday evening.

Our poet has been ill with brain fever, consequently his verse is bad and cannot be exposed this week.

Superintendent Whitney gave the ninth grade a few remarks on the weakness of depending on others to do your work. A few students in the higher classes might profit by such a talk.

Your thoughts upon any subject are solicited. If you would criticize or commend any action or method in connection with our school or any department of it, or if you have any ideas to advance, send them in. We want and need such,

Mr. John Everett, class of '94, is now installed as teacher of the sixth grade, Miss McDonald resigning. John says our school is changed wonderfully in two years. But he has hit on a plan of getting all the news in a condensed form—he has ordered the CHAT.

Some time ago one of our high school students made an engagement with one of our lady students to accompany her on a bicycle excursion. About an hour before the appointed time, she received a box with this message: "Wear these bloomers for my sake." The recipient was quite indignant and proceeded with her present to the back yard to destroy them. With flushed face she enkindled a fire and placed the box on top of the burning debris. Natural curiosity compelled her to take one look at the contents. She raised the cover and beheld six bright, fresh roses. She wore these bloomers for his sake.

Valentines

AT . . .

Oh
How
Sweet!

C. W. ROGERS.

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